

The Rockland Gazette.

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER, DEVOTED TO THE BENEFIT OF ITS PATRONS AND THE PECUNIARY PROFIT OF ITS PUBLISHER.

VOLUME 8.

ROCKLAND, MAINE, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1853.

NUMBER 37

THE
ROCKLAND GAZETTE,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY
JOHN PORTER, Proprietor,
Office in Crockett's Building, Main-St.,
OPPOSITE KIMBALL, BLACK, AND OVER THE HARD
WARE STORE OF JOSEPH FURBISH.
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the proprietor.

From Hogg's Instructor.

SONNETS.

BY CHARLES NEWTON.

I
He vainly toils, who toils to make his life
A labor of love, whereby to reach the skies—
Aims are confused, passions laid to strife,
Wisdom is but folly of the wise,
And the soul's deed comes short of her empire;
So she is mocked, and darkness mazed, and led
To hunger in earth's deserts for heaven's bread.
Bring, therefore, all the art that in thee lies,
Bring all of thine heart's love and thy soul's thought,
That so this brave life-state may be wrought,
Give all thy days into the toil—then cease
No bright God-image beaming from the stone—
No life in hollow dream, overthrown
Upon the bare plains of eternity.

II
All other things drink gladness with their breath,
Business, unrest, have in their lives no part;
The bird's wild song, unmixed to pain or death,
Springs from a holier pleasure of the heart.
None empty from life's fatal hall depart.
The violet does not fade from the woodland side,
Till all the soul it hath satisfied,
But man, into earth's banquet chamber led,
Feeds upon dead fruits, or is not fed,
Or, grasping the pure food too long delayed,
Is, the pale stranger with the scowling host,
Strains belching to him from the palace-door.
He follows—untill the silent hand,
Unheeded, unsought—to return no more.

III.
The nature that to smallest aims aspires,
May in the smallest sphere complete its life,
But for the great heart with its great desires
Another life fulfills the hope of this.
As science links the nations with her chain,
And flashes lightning thought beneath the main,
So the heart's yearning, from each heart's light,
Shall flash to other spheres through death's dark night.
And as the eagle, from its earthliest nest,
Sours high to feed its vision at the sun,
So shall it mount the eagle's path above,
Past mists from which the eagle's gaze would cover,
Until it reach that Wisdom which is love,
That Love which is Eternity and Power.

HONORED MOTHERS:

To no class in community do we approach
With such diffidence, and deep solicitude of
feeling, as to you: I, because all our world must
pass under your moulding hands when they are
perfectly passive: 2d, because no class, but your
own, possess that exquisite tenderness, and deli-
cacy of feeling that you possess, yet the impor-
tance of the case induces us to venture a few
remarks to you on the subject of family govern-
ment; hoping that our long tried and successful
experience on the subject, may be of some use
to others.

Our object, however, at this time, is not to
lead you into the more matured branches of
Christian training; but to cite you to the outer
court of the domestic circle, as preparatory to
brighter glory.

Let us ask you very respectfully to consider
the importance of governing the will of your
children. Govern them when young, and they
will govern themselves when old.

Even your most laudable kindness and love
are to be guarded, lest you mistakenly injure
your children thereby. Many mothers, through
fear of hurting their children's, tender feelings
while they are young, lead them on by indul-
gence, until both are overwhelmed with seas
of grief and woe; verifying that scripture which
says, the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

One simple rule, dear ladies, well attended
to, will obviate all these dangers, and work won-
ders: the rule is to see that they always mind
cheerfully at one bidding.

"You can do it, doubt it not; you certainly can.
If this is not now the case, seek retirement as
soon as you can conveniently and take your chil-
dren all with you, and then and there commence
the rule discussion of their wills.

Have them all seated before you, and ex-
ercise them by saying, go—come—do this—do
that, &c, until you are sure that they all, young
or old, understand what you mean by command
and obedience. If you have to correct any one to
bring it all in submission, see that you do it
in calmness, decision and love; and when this
will is subdu'd, but not before, then be sure to
show to that special kindness, as you would
bind up a bleeding wound.

At table is a very important place to exercise
government and obedience. We refer, now, to
very young children. Do not move things out
of their reach, but teach them to sit and let
things be until further orders. A little exercise
here, well persevered in, will be of great use.—
As a common element, the sociable and familiar
with your children, however vain. Vain jest-
ing and joking, no adult can hear it with-
out injury; much less can little children. Be
serious but not sad; cheer but not vain. Give
no vent to wild passion any pure a thing.—
Consider an angel of God there, as a guard-
ian! Do not think, dear mothers that these
are too small things to notice.

Having established maternal authority, then
let no company, noble or ignoble, any care
or business, however pressing, intrude on your

domestic government; for nothing is so sacred
to you, and your children's good, as this. And
if you always watch your own temper, so as
never to speak hastily to your children and when
you speak, be sure to be minded readily and
willingly at once speaking, habit, that most
powerful engine, will soon bless you with her
might and consolations.

Now call to your aid two strong purposes of
soul, one that no difficulty should discourage you.
The other, that no hasty, boisterous temper, ac-
tuate you; but rather a calm, deliberate, per-
severing one; and the best of results will follow.

Your friend,

S. BAKER.

AN INCIDENT OF MY CHILDHOOD.

"Mabel," said my aunt, facing me sternly, and
speaking with solemn emphasis—"you are lower-
ed forever in my eyes! When Mr. Ellison comes,
he shall assuredly know of this. Go!" she added,
as if the sight of me were intolerable: "I shall never
have confidence in you again."

I ran out of the room into the garden thro'
the door, which always stood open in hot
weather; but my eyes were at play on the lawn;
so I flew on in the bitterness of my wounded
spirit, until I found the shade and quiet I
wanted under a large hoary apple tree, which
stood in the neighboring orchard. Under its
spreading branches I threw myself down.

I have a vivid impression of the aspect and
"feel" of that summer afternoon. The heat was
intense; even the ground upon which I lay,
seemed to burn the bare arms crossed beneath
my humble head. I knew there was not a
grateful cloud in the sky above me; I felt there
was not a breath of wind stirring, not enough
even to rustle the thick leaves of the orchard
trees. The garish brilliancy, the sultry stillness,
oppressed me almost more than I could bear.—
If I could have hidden myself from the sight of
the sun, if I could have cheated my own con-
sciousness, I would have gladly done so. I will
not believe the world held at that moment a
more wretched being than I was, that any
grown up man or woman with developed facul-
ties ever suffered more keenly from the pangs of
self contempt.

For, let me at once inform the reader, I was
no victim of injustice or misconception; the
words with which I had been driven from the
house were justified by what I had done: I
was fourteen years of age, I had been carefully
and kindly educated, none knew better than I
the difference between right and wrong; yet in
spite of age, teaching, and the intellect's en-
lightenment, I had just been guilty of gross
moral transgression; I had been convicted of a
falsehood; and, more than that, it was no im-
pulsive lie, escaping me in some exigency, but a
deliberate one, and calculated to do another
hurt. The whole house knew of it—servants,
cousins, and all; the coming guest was to know
of it, too. My shame was complete. "What
shall I do? what will become of me?" I cried
aloud. "I shall never be happy again!"

It seemed so to me. I had lost my position
in the house where I had been so favored and
happy; I had compromised my character from
that day henceforward. I, who had meant to
do such good in the world, had lost my chance;
for that sin clinging to my conscience, the re-
membrance of which I should read in every-
body's face and altered manner, would make ef-
fort impossible. My aunt had lost all confi-
dence in me—that was terrible; but what was
worse, I had lost all confidence in myself. I
saw myself mean, ungenerous, a liar! I had no
more self respect. When my cousins whisper-
ed together about me, or the servants nodded
and smiled significantly, I should have nothing
to fall back upon. Why, I was what they thought
me, I could not defy their contempt, but must
take it as my due. I might get angry, but who
would mind my anger? A thousand thoughts
exasperated my anguish.

I was very fond of reading, and had a liking
for heroic biographies. Noble actions, fine prin-
ciples, always awoke a passionate enthusiasm
in my mind, caused strong throbs of ambition,
and very often my aunt had lent me a kind ear
to the outpourings of such emotions. The case
would be altered now. I might read, indeed,
but such feelings I must henceforth keep to my-
self; who would have patience to hear me thus
expatiate? I was cut off from fellowship with
the good.

I must give up, too, my little class at the vil-
lage Sunday school, which I had been so proud
to undertake. How could I, despite at home,
go among the children as before? I could never
talk to them as I used to venture to do. They
would know it, as all the world would know; they
would mock me in their hearts—each
feeling she was better than I. I rose up from
the grass; for the state of my mind would bear
the prone attitude no longer, and leaning
against the tree, looked around me. Oh! the
nervous game I had had in this orchard. The
recollection brought a flood of tears to my eyes
—I had not cried before—for I was sure that
time was past; I should never have another.—
"Never, never!" I cried, wringing my hands; "I
shall never have the heart to play again, even if
they would play with me. I am another girl
now!"

In truth, my brief experience seemed to have
oldened me, to have matured my faculties. I
saw myself in a kind of vague, confused vision,
as I might have been, as I could never now be-
come. No; life was an altered thing with what
it had appeared yesterday; I had marred its ca-
pabilities on the threshold. I could get a

glimpse of the house through the trees; I could
see the parlor windows, where, within the shad-
dy room, tea was even now being prepared for
the expected visitor. Ah! that visitor, with
whom I used to be a favorite, who had always
been so kind—he was now on his way with the
same heart towards me, little knowing what
had happened, little knowing I was lost and ruin-
ed!

Does this description of my state of mind, of
my sense of guilt seem overstrained? It is just
possible I give a little more color to my re-
flections than they had at the time, but I can
not color too highly the anguish of humiliation
they produced; it was all but intolerable. "I
suppose," said I moodily to myself, for a reaction
was commencing—"I suppose I shall always
feel like this, or I should go mad. I shall get
used to it presently—used to being miserable!"

Just then I heard my name shouted by one
of my cousins, but I had not the heart to shout
in answer. No doubt tea was ready, but I
wanted no tea. Mr. Ellison might be come,
but I dreaded to see him. My cousin called
and ran on towards the spot where I stood till
he caught sight of me. He was hot with the
search, and angry that I had not answered;
moreover, what boy about his age, in the lusti-
hood of a dozen summers, knoweth aught of
tenderness or consideration? "There you are,
Miss," he said savagely; "a pretty hunt I've had.
You're to come in to tea; and another time
don't give better people the trouble of fetching
you; they don't like it, I can tell you."

He was just, again, eager for his meal, but I
stopped him. "Bob," said Mr. Ellison come?" I
cried.

"Hours ago; and he and mother have been
shut up ever so long, talking about you, I know;
and don't 'Bob' me please, Miss Mabel; I don't
like it."

My spirit swelled. Was this to be the way?
One touch of rough boyish kindness, and I could
almost have kissed his face; I now I walked
back to the house with a bitter "I won't care"
swelling at my heart.

I may as well say here, though scarcely nec-
essary to the moral of my story, that I was an
adopted child in the large family of my aunt.—
She was a widow and had been so ever since I
had lived with her; and I, as will be supposed,
was an orphan. She had in her own right a
good income, though she only held in trust for
her eldest son the substantial, manor-farm on
which we resided. I was not poor; indeed I
was in some sort an heiress; and Mr. Ellison,
my aunt's honored friend and her husband's
executor, was joint guardian over me with her-
self. I had been brought up to fear and rever-
ence him; he had taught me to love him. My
degradation in his eyes was the bitterest drop
in my self-mixed cup.

As I entered the hall, my aunt came out to
meet me, and took her me into another
room. "Mabel," she said, "you are to take your
place at the table with us for the present. I
have spoken to your guardian about you, but I
scarcely know what we may finally decide upon
in the matter. You are too old to be whipped
or sent to bed; but though you are to be allow-
ed to come amongst us, I need not say we shall
never feel for you as we once did, or if we seem
to do so, it will be because we forget. Your
sin justifies a constant mistrust; for my part, I
can never think of you as before, under any cir-
cumstances, I am afraid. Don't think I ought,
even if it were possible. But now, come in to
tea."

"I want no tea," said I, bitterly. "I can't see
Mr. Ellison. Oh! need he have known it?"
"Mabel," was the answer, it would have been
better if you had learned the lie as you fear its
discovery."

I sat down on a chair, and leaned my head on
a table near. I had not a word to say for my-
self, or against the treatment adopted. My
aunt was a woman of severe rectitude, and, I
believe, prayerful care. She thought lying an
almost unpardonable sin, for she looked upon
it as a proof of almost hopeless moral depravi-
ty; and my falsehood had been an aggravated one.
Many, with a less strict sense of my deli-
quency, might have been more severe. I could
not blame her. "At least," I said, "you
won't make me come in!"

"No," she returned, and went back to the par-
lor.

I went up stairs to my bed room, where I
spent the rest of the evening. No inquiries
were made after me. When it grew dark, I
undressed and threw myself into bed. I of-
fered no prayer for God's forgiveness; mine
was not so much penitence as remorse. Had I
been a man who had blasted his hopes by the
commission of some deadly sin, I could scarcely
have felt more morally lost, more hopeless about
the future. My aunt had represented my sin in
appalling colors, and my whole previous educa-
tion and turn of mind made me feel its turpi-
tude strongly; the possibility of repairing it
had not been urged upon me, but rather denied.
I thought it would color and prejudice my
whole after life, that I had lost caste forever.

I scarcely slept at all, and got up mentally
sick, physically worn out, I dared not stay away
from the breakfast table, so I made haste to be
first down stairs. The windows of our pleas-
ant morning room were open; there had been
rain during the night, and it was one of those
fresh, laughing mornings which I felt I should
have so enjoyed once. Once! yes, it was a long
time ago. The whole aspect of the apartment
within, of refreshed nature without, had an
eminently pleasant effect; or, rather, I thought
it would have to other eyes. I took a seat in

the shade; I had a dim idea (I knew not wheth-
er it were hope or dread) that Mr. Ellison might
come in before the others; but he did not. He
and my aunt came in together, and they were
closely followed by the children.

He was a man of about fifty years of age,
with a figure and countenance which, in youth,
might have been handsome, but which had suf-
fered too severely from what I suppose were the
efforts of time to be so now. He had, too, an
air of gravity and reverence, which rather op-
pressed a stranger unacquainted with the mi-
nute sympathies, the comprehensive benevolence
it veiled.

He came up to me where I sat dejected and
humbled, and held out his hand. To my sur-
prise, and I may say, to my exquisite pain, he
spoke to me much as usual—I could almost
have thought more tenderly than usual. I
dared not look up at him; I murmured my inaudible
answer. My aunt gave me a chilling "good
morning;" my young cousins looked at me shyly,
but did not speak. No one spoke to me during
breakfast except my guardian, and he only in
connection with the courtesies of the table; and
not being able to bear this, I crept out of the
room as soon as I dared. It was the same at
every other meal; and all the intervals between
I spent alone, unsought, unquestioned, suffer-
ing a fiery trial. I don't dwell on the details
of my experience that day; I have suffered much
smiles, but, God knows, never more. However,
as may be supposed, I slept a little that night
for nature would "hear up no longer."

The next day came; breakfast had passed as
before, and, as before, I was stealing out of the
room, when my guardian called me back.

"If you want to talk to Mabel," said my aunt,
"I will leave you alone together."

But Mr. Ellison begged earnestly that she
would remain, and, to my bitter regret, she con-
sented. I felt now there would be no hope for
me. He then placed a chair for me, and com-
ing up to where I stood sinking with shame near
the door, led me gently to it. "You are too
forebearing, my dear sir, urged my aunt; 'she is
no longer entitled to such kindness.'"

"Is she not?" he returned with a bitter sigh;
and then addressing me, "Mabel, are you truly
sorry for this sin of yours?"

The accent of generous sympathy with which
the words were spoken, wrought upon me.—
"Sorry!" I cried in an agony; "I'm miserable! I
shall always be miserable! Every one will de-
spise me all my life long, and O, I meant to be
so good!"

My guardian took a seat beside me. "And
now," he asked, "my girl, will you give up try-
ing?" I looked up eagerly. "Where would be the
use?" I said. "A liar—the word seemed to burn
my lips, but I would say it, for I half feared he
did not know the worst—loses her character
once and forever. No one will trust me again.
no one can respect me. Oh, it's dreadful!" I
shuddered instinctively.

"Then what is to follow?" asked Mr. Ellison.
"Is all effort to be given up, and this dark spot
to spread till it infects your whole character?—
Are all duties to be neglected because you have
failed in one and are you to live on, perhaps
to falsehood, incapacitated by this selfish remorse?
Not so, Mabel!"

"Pardon my interrupting you, Mr. Ellison,"
interposed my aunt; "but this is scarcely the
way to treat my niece. You will make her
think lightly of the dreadful sin she has com-
mitted; she will fancy her compunction extreme,
whereas no repentance can be sufficient. Don't
try to soothe her present impression. I would
have her carry with her to the grave the salutary
sense she seems to have of what she has done."

"I too," said my guardian fervently, "would
teach her a lesson she would never forget, but it
would be differently put from yours. Before
God, I grant you, no amount of penitence would
suffice to procure that atonement which is freely
given on wider grounds; but as regards her
relations to her fellow-creatures, for her future life,
Mabel argues wrong; men in general, the world
at large, you yourself, my dear Mabel, appear
to me argue wrong on this subject."

My aunt colored. "Pardon me," she said
stiffly; "I think we cannot understand each other."

"Perhaps," said my guardian, "I have misun-
derstood you; but if you will suffer a direct
question, it will settle the point. Suppose that,
in the future, Mabel's conduct should be exem-
plary, would you fully restore her to the place
she once held in your esteem?"

I looked anxiously towards my aunt; the
question was a momentous one to me. She
seemed to reflect.

"It is painful to say it," she replied at length;
"but I must be conscientious. In such a case
Mabel would in a great measure regain my es-
teem; but to expect me to feel for her as I did
before she had so deeply injured her moral na-
ture seems unreasonable. She can never be
exactly to me what she was before."

"And you think, doubtless, that she is right
in considering that this youthful sin will impair
her future capacity for good."

"I think," answered my aunt, "that it is the
penalty attached to all sin, that it should keep
us low and humble through life. The compara-
tively clear conscience will be better fitted for
good deeds than the burdened."

a dishonorable action; or a merciful man, a
cruel: have they married life, and must they go
softly all the rest of their days? Must they
leave to other men the fulfillment of high duties,
the pursuit and achievement of moral excel-
lence? Would you think it necessary if at any
after period, you heard the one urging on some
conscience the necessity of rectitude, or the
other advocating the beauty of benevolence?—
Or must they, conscious that their transgressions
have lowered them forever, never presume to
hold themselves erect again?"

"My dear Mr. Ellison," said my aunt, looking
with surprise at my guardian, who had certain-
ly warmed into unusual energy—"I think we are
wandering from the point. Such a discussion
as this will not do Mabel any good. But rather
harm, if I understand you to mean that we are
not materially affected by our transgressions.—
It is a strange doctrine, sir, and a very danger-
ous one."

"My dear friend," returned my guardian gen-
tly, "far be it from me to say that our trans-
gressions do not materially affect us! I do not
want to gild your view of the life long hu-
mility which a human being should feel for a
criminal act, but I would introduce hope, and
not despair into his mind. I don't think the
plan on which society goes of judging the char-
acter of a man from individual acts or single
aberrations is just; very often such acts are not
fair representations of the life or even of the
nature of the man. They show, indeed, what
he was at that moment; but it may be that
never before or since in his existence did he or
will he experience such another. Yet perhaps
he is condemned by the world, and shunned as
a lost character. How bitterly hard for that
man to do his duty in life!"

"No doubt," said my aunt, it does bear hard
in particular cases; but it is the arrangement of
Providence that the way of transgressors is
hard."

"I am not speaking," returned my guardian,
"of the hard and transgressors; but of one who,
like Mabel here, thinks life spoiled by a single
act of moral evil, and is treated as if it were so.
You speak of Providence," he continued, with a
smile; "an instance rises to my mind where an
aggravated sin was committed, and yet the sin-
ner far from being doomed to obscurity and life
long remorse, was spared all reproach save that
of his unpurged conscience, was distinguished
above others, called to God's most sacred ser-
vice, elected to the glory of martyrdom. If
remorse were in any case justifiable, if any
sin should unfit man for rising above it, or for doing
good in his generation, surely it would have
been in Peter's case. But we know that story.
My dear madam,"—and Mr. Ellison, lying his
hand on my head, looking appealingly to my aunt
—"I desire to speak reverently; but think you
after Christ's charge, even John, Abdiel-like
disciple as he was, ever presumed to say or feel
that he could never esteem or look upon Peter
as he once did? This is what is forbidden us—
to look upon men as fallen below their 'chance
of recovery.' My aunt was silent, but I could
see she was impressed. As for me, I felt as if
I had been being slowly lifted off my heart,
and it swelled with a passionate aspiration to
recover, with God's help, my former standing,
and press on in the upward way. And would
it not through life, be tender and merciful to
the penitent wrong-doer? If I speak warmly
on this subject," continued my guardian, "it is
because my own experience furnishes me with a
proof of how low an honorable man may fall,
and how far the magnanimity, or rather justice,
I have been advocating may enable him to rise
again, and try and work out towards God—re-
paration for his offence. May I tell you a short
story?"

"Certainly," said my aunt; but she looked un-
easily towards me.

"Let Mabel stay and hear me," said Mr. Eli-
son; "the lesson is for her to learn, and my story
will do her no harm."

He took a few turns through the room, as if
collecting his thoughts, and then began. As if
my readers wonder that, at fourteen, my mem-
ory retained the details of such a conversation,
let me explain, that many times since then has
the subject been renewed and discussed by my
guardian and me.

"Many years back," said Mr. Ellison, "I knew
two friends. They were young men of a very
different character, but, for ought I know, that
might have been the secret of their attachment."

The elder whom, for distinction's sake, I
will call Paul, was of a thoughtful, reserved
turn of mind. He was given a good deal to
speculation about the moral capacities and in-
firmities of his own nature and that of his race,
and had a deep inward enthusiasm for what he
conceived to be goodness and virtue; and I will
do him the justice to say, he strove so far as
in him lay to act up to his convictions. The
younger—we will call him Clement—was of a
higher temper. Generous, frank and vivacious,
he was a far more general favorite than his
friend; but yet, when men of experience spoke
on the subject, they said, the one was no doubt
the most lovely, but the other the most trust-
worthy. Well—for I do not wish to make a
long story of it—Clement who had no secret
from his friend, made him long ago the con-
fident of a strong but unfortunate attachment
of his. Unfortunately, I say; not but the lady
was eminently worth, but, alas! She was rich,
and he but a brief hunting barister. Clement
had a chivalrous sense of honor, and had never
shown sign or uttered a word of love, though
he confessed he had a vague, a secret hope that

the girl returned his feeling. He rather un-
wisely, but most naturally, still visited at the
house, where the parents, suspecting nothing,
received him cordially; and at length he ven-
tured to introduce Paul there too, in order that
his friend might judge for himself of the per-
fection of his mistress.

It is not necessary to describe the daughter,
suffice it to say, Paul found in her person and
character not only enough to justify Clement's
choice, but to excite in his own mind a passion
of a strength corresponding with the silent en-
ergy of his character. He kept his secret, and
heard Clement talk of his love with the pa-
tience of a friend, while secretly he had to con-
tend with the jealousy of a lover. But he did
not contend against it, and strove to master him-
self; for apart from what honor and friendship
enjoyed, he saw that Eleanor favored the unex-
pected, but with a woman's keenness, half
guessed love of Clement. He forbore to visit
the house, in spite of the double welcome his
relation to Clement and his own social position
—for Paul was rich—had obtained for him-
self. Time passed, and Paul was still at war
with an unconquered weakness, when Clement
got an appointment to India. "Before you go,"
said Paul to him, "you will speak to Eleanor."

"No," said Clement, after painful deliberation,
"the chances of my success are still doubtful;
I have proved them, and can satisfy her
parents, I will write."

"You may lose her through your over scrup-
ulousness."

"I may," said Clement, "but if she loves me,
she has read my heart, and I can trust her."

"Clement," therefore, took his secret to India
with him, and Paul was left at home to fight
with a gigantic temptation; but for a long time
he was proof against it. He would not sacrifice
honor and friendship, the strength of a good
conscience; and the principles he revered, to self-
ish passion and inclination. One evening,
however, he yielded to a weakness he had sev-
eral times overcome, and went to the house.—
He said to himself he would see how she bore
Clement's absence. Eleanor received him with
a kindness she had never shown before. Her
parents politely hoped, when he rose to leave,
that they were not to lose his society as well as
Clement's. That night came the die. "I love
her," said Paul to himself; "Clement does not
more. I have the same right as he to be hap-
py. Madam," added Mr. Ellison abruptly, "you
can guess what followed. Paul, with his keen
sense of rectitude, his ambitious aspirations,
yielded and fell."

My guardian paused. My whole girl's heart
was in the story; I forgot my humbled position,
and exclaimed eagerly, "But did Eleanor love
him?"

Mr. Ellison looked at me quickly, and then
half smiled. The smile was a relief to me, for
it brought back the usual expression, which he
had lost during the telling of this story. "You
shall hear," he resumed presently. "Paul hav-
ing decided to act as a fraudulent and unworthy
part, used all his powers to gain his object.—
"Honor and self respect I have lost," he said;
"love and gratification I must have." It was a
terrible period that followed. The suit he urged
with such untiring zeal seemed to gain show
favor with Eleanor. Her parents were already
his supporters, and with the irritating hopes
and fears of an ardent but baffled lover, were
mixing the stinging agonies of remorse and
shame. Clement's periodical letters, long since
unanswered, were now unread; to him, such as
he now was, they were not addressed—that
sweet friendship was buried along with his
youth's integrity. I will not longer," said my
guardian hurriedly. "Paul won the prize which
he had sought at such a cost: Eleanor's consent
was gained, and the marriage-day was appoint-
ed. I don't think even then he so deceived
himself as to think he was happy. Moments
of tumultuous emotion of feverish excitement,
that he misnamed joy, he had, but his bless-
edness had escaped him. Not only his conscience
told him was Clement defrauded, but Eleanor
was deceived. To hear her express at any time
indignant scorn of what was base or mean, was
a moral torture so exquisitely acute that only
those can conceive it who have stooped to the
like degradation. A night or two before the
day fixed for the wedding, Paul went as usual
to her house. Just before he took his leave,
Eleanor left the room and returned with a let-
ter. There was a glow on her cheek as she gave
it him. "I have long determined," she said,
to have no more secrets from him who is to be
my husband; it will be better for you to
know this."

"He took the letter. I see you guess the se-
quel; it was from Clement. It told the story of
his long silent love, for he was now in a position
to satisfy his own scruples and tell it. With
the fear upon his mind that even now his treas-
ure might escape him. Paul clung to it more
tenderly than ever; passion smothered re-
morse. "Well," he asked, looking at her almost
fiercely, "does the secret go no further?"

"Very little further, Paul," said Eleanor grave-
ly; "I loved Clement once, but I thought he tri-
ed with me; were it now honorably too late—
I love you now."

"Paul felt a sudden impulse to confess the
whole truth, but it was transient. He had felt
many such an impulse before, but had conquered
it; should he, on the eve of possession, with
that assurance in his ears, yield now?"

"But, Mr. Ellison," I cried, interrupting him
with the matter of fact aspect of a child,
"didn't it seem strange to Eleanor that Paul had
told Clement nothing about his engagement?"

"Ah, Mabel," sighed my guardian, "no great
sin but has it lesser ones. Long since, Paul
had found it necessary to tell Eleanor a false
story concerning his present suspension of in-
tercourse with Clement."

I think this absolute lie of Paul's touched
my aunt as sensibly as any point in the history,
for she broke silence. "And what," she said,
"was the end of this wretched young man's his-
tory? Are you going to tell us we must not
despise him?"

"One moment longer," urged my guardian,
"and you shall pass your judgement. Paul
married Eleanor; you are surprised? Alas! po-
tential justice is not the rule of this life. Yet
why do I say alas! has it

could be alone, so I followed my aunt quickly out of the room.

She turned kindly around, and despatched me some message of cheer. "I am waiting for you," she said. "Before fulfilling it, I run into my room and shut the door; then kneeling down by the bedside, I prayed as I had not before done, with softened heart and contrite tears, for God's forgiveness."

These few hours have influenced a lifetime.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

—

I was standing in a broad, crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter day, and there had been rain, and although the sun was shining brightly, yet the long icicles hung from the eaves of the house, and the whole humbled badly as they passed over the ground. There was a clear, bright look, and a cold, bracing feeling in the air, and a north-west wind that quickened every step. Just then a little child came running along—its dress all in a heap, its clothes were soiled and threadbare, and it had no shoes on, and the little bare feet looked red and suffering. She came running along, and she had a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child! I saw I, who could do nothing else, picked her up. As she passed, her feet slipped upon the ice, and she fell with a cry of pain; but she held her bundle tightly in her hand, and jumped up, and although she limped sadly, attempted to run on as before.

"Stop, little girl, stop," said a sweet voice, and a lady in a huge shawl, and with furs all around her, came out of the jeweler's store close by. "Poor little child," she said, "are you hurt? Sit down on this step and tell me. How I loved her, and how beautiful she looked! 'Oh I cannot,' said the child, 'I cannot tell you, I am in such a hurry. I have been to the shoemaker's, and mother must finish this work to-night, or she will never get any more shoes to find.' 'To-night, said the beautiful woman, 'to-night? 'Yes, said the child, 'for the stranger's kind manner had made her bold, 'yes, for the great hall to-night, and these satin slippers must be spangled; and—' The beautiful woman took the bundle from the child's hand, and unfolded it. You do not know why her face flashed and then turned pale, but I, yes, I saw the bundle, and on the inside of a slipper I saw a name—written, but I shall not tell it."

"And where does your mother live, little girl?" "So the child told where, and then she told her father was dead, and that her little brother was sick, and that her mother had died, and that she was very poor, and that sometimes they were very cold, and that her mother sometimes cried, because she had no money to buy milk for her little sick brother. And then I saw the lady's eyes were full of tears; and she reached up her hand quickly, and gave it back to the little girl, but she gave her nothing else—no, not even one sixpence, and turning away went back into the store from which she had just come out. As she went away, I saw the glitter of a diamond pin—Presently she came back, and I saw her in a handsome carriage, rolled off. The little girl looked after for a moment, and then with her little bare feet colder than they were before, ran quickly away. I went with the little girl, and I saw her go to a narrow, damp street, and into a small, dark, low, and dingy room, and there she sat, fabled mother, but with a face so sweet, so patient, hushing and soothing a sick baby. And the baby slept, and the mother laid it on her lap, and the bundle was unfolded, and a dim candle helped her with her work for though it was not night, yet her room was very dark. Then after a while, she kissed her little girl, and bade her warm, poor little friend, feet over the scanty fire in the grate, and gave her a little piece of bread, for she had no more; and then she heard her say her evening prayer, and falling her tenderly on her knees, she prayed for her, and told her that the angels would take care of her, and the little child slept, and dreamed—oh! such pleasant dreams—of warm stockings and new shoes; but the mother sewed on, alone. And as the bright sunbeams glowed on the satin slippers, came there no ray of light in her heart! When she thought of her child's bare, cold feet, and of the scant morsel of dry bread, which had not satisfied her hunger, came there no vision of a bright room and gorgeous clothing, and a table laden with all that was good and nice, one little portion of which would do her, would send warmth and comfort to her hungry dwelling!

If such thoughts came—and others of a pleasant cottage, and one who had dearly loved her, and whose strong arm had kept her from her mother and her babies, but who could never come back—it these thoughts did come repiningly, there came also another, and the widow's hands were clasped, and her head bowed low, in deep contrition, as I heard her say, 'Father, forgive me, for thou hast been so good to me, and I will trust thee.' Just then the door opened softly, and some one entered. Was it an angel? Her dress was of spotless white, and she moved with a noiseless step. She went to the bed where the sleeping child lay, and covered it with soft, warm blankets. Then, presently, she spoke in a voice like music, 'Bless thy God, who is the God of the fatherless and the widow,' and she was gone; only, as she went out, I heard her say, 'Better than diamonds—better than diamonds!'

At the moment, I could not say if I looked at the mother, or at the child, or at the angel, or at the voice that blessed her God, who had sent an angel to comfort her. So I went to a bright room, where there was music and dancing, and sweet flowers, and I saw young, happy faces, and beautiful women richly dressed, and sparkling with jewels; but none there was like the angel I saw, whose dress was of simple white, with only a rosebud on her bosom, and whose voice was like the sweet sound of a silver delf.

No spangled slipper was glittering upon her foot, but she moved as one that treadeth upon the air, and the room behind her, and the light of the question of a lawyer in cross-examination, a witness to prove a doctor's bill in our justice court, the other day.

"No," replied the witness, "I thought the patient was in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

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THE PRISONERS OF PARIS. A correspondent of one of the New York papers communicates an account of a recent visit to some of the prisons of Paris, from which we take the heart:

"I spent two days in Paris in visiting the prisons of the Condegarde and of L'Aubaye, where I was deeply interested."

The first we went to was the Condegarde, and were shown the prison occupied by Marie Antoinette. It is a small apartment about ten feet square, paved with stone or brick, and was, at the time it was occupied by her, lighted by a small, round window, about one foot in diameter. A most gloomy and miserable residence can scarcely be imagined. It is now had enough with such improvements as have been made in it; that it was then the most cruel and horrible prison, is known to all who have read the history of those times.

It was painful to reflect upon the sadness and affliction of its royal inmate, deprived of light and space for exercise, and continually watched and insulted by her brutal guard.

The room is now preserved as a memorial of the times, and has been lighted and ventilated, so as to make it appear a little more cheerful. The altar at which she worshipped still stands there, and even the chairs on which she was allowed to sit, still remain.

The prison of L'Aubaye still remains. He was the prisoner of Louis XVI. You will remember he was imprisoned there for a few days, and that he was there when he was executed. The prison of L'Aubaye is now a museum, and is open to the public.

We went to the prison of L'Aubaye, and saw the subterranean dungeons, and saw the damp, unlighted vault which was her prison. As I wandered through these dungeons and reflected upon the sad scenes that had witnessed, I felt that France was a land of the living dead, and that the living were the dead of the past.

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A SAMPLE CLERK.

Jem B. is a wag. A joke to Jem is both food and raiment; and whenever and wherever there is an opening for fun he has it.

Jem was recently in a drug store, when a youth, apparently fresh from the 'mountains,' entered the store, and at once accosted Jem, saying that he was in search of a job.

"What kind of a job?" enquired the wag.

"Oh, a 'most anything'—I want to get a kind of a genteel job, I'm tired o' farmin', an' kin turn my hand to most anything."

"Well, we want a man, a good, strong, healthy man, as sample clerk."

"What's the wages?"

"Wages are good; we pay \$1,000 to a man in that situation."

"What's a fellow have to do?"

"Oh, merely to test medicines, that's all. It requires a stout man, one of good constitution, and after he gets used to it he does not mind it. You see, we are very particular about the quality of our medicines, and before we sell any, we test every parcel. You would be required to take—say, six or seven ounces of Castor Oil some days, with a few doses of Rhuibar, Aloes, Croton Oil, and similar preparations. Some days you would not be required to take anything, but as a general thing you can count on—say, from six to ten doses of something daily. As to the work, that does not amount to much—the testing department would be the principal labor required of you; and as I said before, it requires a person of very healthy organization to endure it, but you look hearty, and I guess you would suit us. That young man, (pointing to a very pale-faced, sick-looking youth, who happened to be present,) has filled the post for the past two weeks, but he is hardly stout enough to stand it. We should like to have you take right hold, if you are ready, and if you say so, we'll begin to-day. Here's a new barrel of castor oil just come in; I'll go and draw an ounce."

Here verily, who had been gazing intently upon the stout man, interrupted him with—

"No, no, no, I am not—no to-day, any how. I'll go down and see my aunt, an' if I decide to come, I'll come up 'tomorrow' an' let you know."

As he did not return, it is to be supposed he considered the work too hard.—*Clinton Courier.*

ROCKLAND GAZETTE.

W. G. FRYE, Editor.

Friday Morning, September 30, 1853.

TO HAVE OR NOT TO HAVE.

We don't know as anything will result from it, but we are about to call the attention of our citizens to the subject of a course of lectures for the coming winter. You may decide in your mind at once that we shall not hear them; but wait a moment, and if we cannot, let us know the reason.

It is quite early in the season, we are aware, but we call attention to the subject now because it is necessary that it be done at all. You will recollect that for two seasons past, at least, the ill success which attended the efforts to obtain the best speakers was owing to the lateness of the season when those exertions were made; the best lecturers were engaged early, and the only reason why we could not have more of them was because they had engaged to go elsewhere. If we begin in season, then, this objection can be cleared, for they are willing to come and address our citizens as those of any other place.

One of two things is certain: we shall either have a course of lectures or shall not. If we do not, it will be for one of two causes: because we do not want them, that is—because we do not appreciate their value to us; or, secondly, because, while we appreciate the benefit and pleasure which they would afford, we are unwilling to sustain them. Now we say that the existence of either of these causes would be a discredit to Rockland. It is really discreditable to our place if there is not spirit and appreciation for such things sufficient to secure them; or, equally so if the want of perfect success the past winter has set our minds against the whole matter. It is no matter why we did not succeed before; though, if we know the causes, we have the benefit of some experience and can profit by it in future.

Shall the coming winter, with its long evenings, pass away and we have no lectures to attend? Is it better not to have them? Shall we be likely to spend the time to any better advantage? The expense is comparatively little. Five times the cost of the course will be expended in matters of amusement, whether we have the lectures or not. The price of a ticket to a single ball, for instance, will procure admittance to the whole course of lectures.

Shall not an effort be made—rather shall we have the lectures, for we can if we will? And let them be of the first order, for they are worth more than ordinary ones, and will give much better satisfaction to all.

If we begin in season, with the understanding that the best class of speakers is to be procured, there can be but little doubt of success; and the only way to get good speakers is to apply early. Then let there be a full understanding beforehand what is to be, and what not. Let the subscriptions be conditional, so that none will be disappointed as they have been previously. If it were generally known that Beecher, Chapin, King, Pierpont, Parker, Giles, and such men were to address us, who would not be glad to hear them? Tickets to such a course would be taken—and we should not be embarrassed with debt, at the end of the season.

We have spoken of this matter in order to call attention to it. If our suggestions shall prove as "water spilt upon the ground," so be it. But we shall be surprised if in Rockland, where there is so much enterprise, so much public spirit, so much liberality, so much means, and so much interest in matters which tend to improve and elevate its condition, there is not a general and earnest desire for a course of good lectures during the approaching winter season.

By exchange with Rev. Mr. Kallach, Rev. Samuel Cole of Belfast supplied the pulpit at the first Baptist house in this village on Sunday last.

Lincoln Baptist Association.

This Association, comprising nearly twenty-five churches had its annual session with the 2nd Baptist Church in St. George on the 21st and 22d of this month. Rev. E. Turner, is the pastor of this church. A pleasing indication of its prosperity, and the affection of its people, or of some other affectionate friends, was afforded upon the morning of the 21st. A neat box was found upon the threshold of its parsonage, which upon examination, revealed a comfortable suit of clothes for himself, the same for his worthy helpmeet, and other valuables of importance. May a grateful people ever be thus appreciative of the services of a faithful pastor.

The Association was called to order at 9 o'clock, and was organized by the choice of the following officers:

Moderator—Rev. I. S. Kallach.

Clerk—Rev. D. Perry.

Treasurer—Dea. H. Ingraham.

The introductory sermon was preached by Rev. W. O. Thomas of this place, from Luke 16: 31.

It was a lucid and interesting exhibition of sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures as our directory for life, and our guide to immortality.—Sermons were also preached during the meeting by Rev. Mr. Kelley of Nobleboro; Rev. Mr. Tuck of Waldoboro; Rev. Mr. Cole of Belfast; and Rev. Mr. Kallach, of Rockland. The letters from the various churches represented the association, on the whole, as in a flourishing and growing condition.

Resolutions were offered commending the various benevolent organizations to the sympathy, prayers, and 'material aid' of the churches, and that the members of the association should endeavor to do their duty in the world.

But of all the Resolutions presented, none struck us as more timely, or deserving a more earnest response from the church, at the present day, than those offered by the committee upon the "Maine Law," of which J. Wakefield was chairman. The two closing Resolutions are as follows:

Resolved, That while wicked men oppose this law, and spare no efforts for its overthrow, it is especially incumbent upon Christians to sustain it by their prayers in the closet, their influence in life, and their votes at the polls.

Resolved, That the result of our recent State Election is an overwhelming demonstration in favor of the Maine Law; and a stern and startling rebuke to those designing political demagogues who would erase it from our Statute Books.

When the church universally awakes, as we believe she soon will to the spirit of these Resolutions, the Maine Law will be no experiment, and its perpetuity and universal adoption no matter of conjecture.

LEGISLATURE.—Extra Session.

In Senate, on Thursday, an act to extend the time for the Great Falls and South Berwick Railroads to file their location.

In the House, Thursday, Mr. Hill from the Com. on elections, reported John H. Hilliard of Oldtown, Wm. Nason of Raymond, and Ebenezer Woodbury of Houlton, as entitled to seats to fill vacancies. The report was accepted. He also reported the facts in the case of Spencer Clifford, who claims a seat in place of James Taylor, of Wiscasset—and offered a resolve declaring him entitled to his seat.

In Senate, on Friday, Finally Passed.—Act to extend time of organizing the Sandy River Bank; addition to incorporate the Augusta Water Power Co.; Resolve in favor of Eli Goss; to incorporate the Rockland and Machias Steam Navigation Co.; to extend the time of filing the location and completing the road of the Great Falls and South Berwick Branch Railroad.

Several bills passed to be engrossed.

House—Friday—Passed Finally.—Bills, to incorporate the Rockland and Machias Steam Navigation Co.; additional to incorporate the Augusta Water Power Co.; in amendment of an act to extend the time for filing the location and the time for completing the Railroad of the Great Falls and South Berwick Branch Railroad Company; resolve in favor of Eli Goss.

Mr. Garcelon, of Lewiston, laid on the table a bill to repeal the act to incorporate the Little Androscoggin Co.

The vacancies in the judiciary committee, occasioned by the resignation of Messrs. Sewall and Tabor, was supplied by the appointment of Mr. Hilliard of Oldtown and Mr. Baker of Windham in their places.

The London papers contain an account of the wreck of the British ship Rebecca, on the coast of Van Diemen's Land, with the loss of the captain, his wife and nineteen of the crew.—The Rebecca was bound from London to Sydney. On the 29th of April, she reached the west coast of Van Diemen's Land, and while sailing at the rate of eight and a half knots, struck violently on a reef. Attempts to get her off were unsuccessful, and she continued to drive on shore fast, and within an hour was thrown on her broadside, the sea washing completely over her. The masts were cut away, but failing to bring her upright, a boat was lowered and pushed off containing the second mate and Mrs. Sheppard, with a lad and seven seamen; the boat, however, was almost immediately swamped, and but three of the seamen succeeded in reaching the shore; about a quarter of a mile distant.—The rest found a watery grave. The master and rest of the crew, finding the ship was fast breaking up, finally resolved to make an attempt to reach the shore. Eight only succeeded.—Capt. S. was drowned. The eleven survivors formed an encampment and commenced exploring the surrounding country. They could find no inhabitants. After two weeks of suffering and privations, during which time they subsisted upon stones washed up from the wreck, they were surprised at the appearance of a dog, which they hailed as the harbinger of deliverance. They wrote an account of their situation and tied it round the dog's neck. The dog belonged to a gentleman named Burgess, who, with a party had been exploring the country.—Upon reading the note, they set out for the wreck, and came up with the survivors on the 23rd day after their landing. They were fast sinking, but through care and kindness their lives were preserved. They eventually reached Hobart Town in safety.

A correspondent of the Portland Advertiser gives an account of a tour in which he says he travelled in one month nine hundred miles in a birch canoe, nine hundred by steam, and one hundred on foot.

Correspondence of the Gazette.

Letters from Prairie-Land.—No. 12.

This is my opinion of the matter. The business of scientific horticulture, in its floral, vegetable and pomological department is more dignified, peaceful and profitable than any learned profession. The science of developing the varied resources of nature, of beautifying her solitary wastes with the luxuriance of blossom and fruit, thereby making earth a paradise, and man's existence a desirable probation, has been crowded out of our stereotyped colleges and schools, and kept out by the time-killing, purse-emptying and soul-distressing lingo of the ancient classics, which bear as distant a relation to the education, elevation and refinement of humanity as the Pyramids to modern architecture. In both instances, they have only haunted mankind for centuries, with a kind of mystical and vague perpetuity. We look upon them as contemporary with a long vanished age, serving only as blind guides in the present march of human progress. How the scales fall from the eyes of a vast majority of our college alumni, when they mingle in the dusty thoroughfare of life! Could they exchange their knowledge of Sophocles, Tacitus and Aristophanes for the science of chemistry, applied to agriculture, or civil engineering, how speedily might they relieve their embarrassments and enter upon a career of happiness, usefulness and prosperity. Who would not prefer the fame of lamented Downing, who has beautified and ornamented our homesteads by his pure and chaste designs, and linked his association with every rare embellishment of nature, whose remembrance will freshen at every birth of the flowers, and in every spray of the fountain, to the whole, musty brotherhood of Latin and Greek commentators.

The engraving is the more severe, when we reflect, after the years of incessant study and application, how superficial the knowledge we acquire. There is not one graduate in a hundred, that can take up a Latin author he never read and translate a page, correctly and gracefully. The discipline we may have acquired in such intellectual drudgery, *parum in multa*, could have been more congenially obtained from natural philosophy and the practical sciences.

We rejoice that in the work of reform our institutions of learning are now undergoing an essential change. The old systems of culture are crumbling beneath the spirit of innovation, and the ghosts of classical mythology, in the brief of a few years, will clamor in vain at the doors of our universities for a literal resurrection. New branches of science are being introduced, old text books are thrown aside; and as it is wisely acknowledged that different individuals possess different habits of genius, provisions are now made in a few colleges, for educating and developing peculiar intellectual faculties.

But to my text: Horticulture is man's noblest pursuit. God first recommended it to Adam in the Garden of Eden, showing by this act that it was an employment congenial with the taste and condition of an immortal being. All other professions are secondary to this, and of human origin. But God instituted horticulture. Had man never left the Garden and remained innocent, there would have been no need of pedagogues or priests, doctors or lawyers, judges or justices. There would have been no apothecary shops nor pulpits; jury benches or penitentiaries. But since the world is as we find it, we should make every arrangement in the power of choice industry and toil to perfect our own happiness and set a good example to others.

Where, then, will you discover an employment more free from disappointment, perplexity and hazard, more divorced from dishonesty, bankruptcy and the piques of commercial traffic than horticulture! On the other hand where is the occupation so fraught with independence, competency and respectability?

Please accompany me one moment into the rich-laden nursery. The whole is enclosed by a beautiful Osage hedge, so trim and exact that a single overgrown shoot would mar its graceful outline. You enter beneath a Gothic arch, of simple but tasteful design, near which the cypress, madonia and morning glory have woven a network of delicate flowers. Diverging from this gateway are many pebbly walks, with margins of gay perennials, that freight the air with delicious perfumes, and fix the gaze with their enchantment. Yonder is a trellis, forming a cooling arbor, beneath which are rustic seats for the admiring loiterer. Over this hang the prolific grape vines, with their heavy clusters reaching to the earth, and exuding their favorite sops. You stand overpowered with joy and amazement at the exhibition before you. On this side of the avenue is the plum orchard. Here are trees producing twenty different kinds of plums, of all sizes and descriptions. The trees are bending beneath their luscious burdens. Some are yellow, some purple, some crimson and green. You are told they are quickly sold for \$6.00 a bushel. So ripe and full they burst open upon the trees. The proprietor says he will raise fifty bushels. You pass on farther and you observe some very thrifty strawberry plots. The fruit of them has long replenished the market. You are informed that these thrifty bushels of Hovey seedlings, and were sold for \$125. His current patch next meets your notice. You think it large and well cultivated. Those bushes have yielded forty bushels of fruit, and have made ten barrels of currant wine, beside supplying the table with a daily abundance. This wine is already sold for \$25 a barrel. You enter another avenue, and you observe another trellis, with a variety of rose bushes interwoven, producing flowers of every variety and color. You are astonished to hear that they are all growing from one stalk. Such is the fact, that you can but the climbing rose with every other variety, making a most beautiful contrast of colors.

On that side you observe the peach orchard. The branches literally touch the earth. The trees having such proximity, they resemble a forest of dwarf trees. You are told that there will be a yield of one hundred bushels, and the market price is \$5.00. The apple orchard comes next, with its choice varieties and untimely abundance. The owner expects, at the lowest estimate, five hundred barrels, which he has engaged at \$3 a barrel, making an income of \$1500.

I will not stop to point out the choice shrubbery, the rare plants, the heavy laden pear trees, with their immense fruitage, the thrifty cherry trees, and the tasteful vegetable beds, all so well arranged and so neatly trained: the whole is spread out before you like a dropped scene of a beautiful panorama. Stand and admire! We will now retire from this scene of rural magnificence. You turn to the proprietor, and enquire, 'Pray, sir, how long have these improvements been going on?'

"Only six years. Before that time this nursery was covered with hard tree and oak. I have broken this land, set out these trees, planted this vineyard, and arranged this shrubbery, and they have in that time come to this present maturity."

You hardly give him credence.

Reader, this is no fiction. This is a picture drawn from reality. There is not a man in the western country, who owns ten acres of ordinary land, that cannot in six years improve it to this state of cultivation. We can within this period obtain every kind of fruit and an abundance. More money can be made through horticulture than by any other profession, trade or calling in society. Examine the prices and make your calculation. Then think of the enjoyment of experimenting on your trees, of training the purple vine, of gathering the choice varieties of fruit in their season, and spending your existence among laughing flowers and odoriferous plants!

Farmers have acted heretofore directly contrary to their own best interests. Wheat and corn and a supply of oats have satisfied their ambition. They have not reaped the advantages that nature designed. Where is the prolific orchard? Their farms are naked of trees, their yards are as unattractive as the barren wild. How many penniless laborers have you in New England, how many indigent farmers, who might emigrate to this cornucopia of the world, and by dint of industry and moderate toil, in a half a score of years become possessors of valuable estates! Here is the broad, fertile prairie, land enough and to spare. Here is an insatiable market, where you will find ready prices.

Yours very truly,

H. P. K.

LATE FROM CALIFORNIA.

New York, Sept. 25. The steamer Northern Light, from San Juan, arrived this morning at one o'clock. She brings dates from San Francisco to Sept. 1.

Miners generally doing well. Emigrants from China and across the Pains are arriving in great numbers. Large shipments of quicksilver are being made to China.

The excess of the shipment of gold for the last eight months, over the same period in 1852, amounts to nearly 10-14 millions.

Strikes among the laborers still continue, and are general in the west.

Indian hostilities in Rogue River unchecked. The two men who murdered Mr. Beckwith, of Volcano Diggins, were arrested on board the steamer Northern Light, on his trip down to the 'Indian' mines. Their names were Dutch Harry and James Fox.

The steamer Oregon, for Panama, sailed on the 1st, with nearly \$1,000,000 in specie.

Large meetings had been held in San Francisco in favor of the immediate construction of the Pacific railroad.

Politics are waxing warm. Several prominent democrats are stumping the state in opposition to Bigler. Dr. M. H. Gray is nominated by the Whigs for Mayor of San Francisco. The Democrats had nominated Capt. C. K. Harrison, agent of the Central Pacific Railroad.

The brick layers had struck for \$12 a day, and the hot carriers for \$6—and both were successful. A vast number of buildings were going up, at a cost of \$75,000 to \$200,000 each.

The taxable property in the city is assessed at nearly \$20,000,000.

Nearly half the town of Sonora has been destroyed by fire. It commenced in Barnum's Hotel, and swept down the whole north part of Main St. The business portion of the city is unharmed. Loss \$40,000.

The town of Keely's Diggins, El Dorado county, was burnt down on the night of the 25th August. Loss \$40,000. The principal losers are Messrs. Miller, Baker, Woodruff, Johnson, J. T. Hall, Pleasant House, Kessuth House, Empire State House.

FROM OREGON.

Dates from Oregon are to the 20th August. The Indian insurrection in Rogue River valley had created great consternation among the inhabitants. The several tribes have united, and commenced a war of extermination upon the whites. Many massacres had already been committed. Among the victims are Dr. William K. Rose and John K. Harding.

Lieut. B. N. Griffin, with a company of troops, had made an attack upon a party of Indians, but was obliged to retreat with the loss of one man and a number of horses.

An expedition under Gen. Lane, had gone up to the scene of action, and bloody work was expected. At last accounts twenty whites had been butchered by the Indians.

DEATHS IN CALIFORNIA.

In Sacramento, 20th ult., Wm. Colburn, of Mass.

At Marysville, 21st ult., Mayo N. Hazletine, formerly of Belfast, Me.

On board brig Zoroaster, July 19th, Alexander Holmes, of Ashby, Mass.

Drowned at sea, July 18th, from ship Stephen Larabee, of Boston, John Dummer, aged 30 years.

At San Francisco, 23d ult., Martha Ann Wood, aged 19, of Nantucket, Mass.

New Orleans, Sept. 23. Total number of deaths for the 14th ending this morning, 25; 14 from yellow fever.

At Mobile on Thursday, the interments were 20, including 14 from fever.

Said accounts continue to be received from the river coast, and great mortality prevailed at Grand Gulf and Fort Gibson. Delegates from the Howard Association were asking for more nurses, and relief was readily furnished in all directions.

Vicksburg, Sept. 23. The fever continues its ravages. Among the victims are Rev. Mr. Patterson, Episcopal clergyman, and Rev. Mr. Babineau, Catholic Priest. The fever is still raging at Yazoo City.

Charlotte, Sept. 23. Deaths last week, 27. O. C. Wadsworth of Mobile, native of Mass., died of fever.

THE DAILING MACHINE ON THE SALT CANAL.—On Wednesday the 7th, says the 'Detroit Advertiser,' the apparatus on the ship canal was set in motion, the hand pumps giving way to a machine worth a hundred men at such a business. The water is dipped up by a large wheel with boxes at the circumference, which are emptied as they gain the highest point.—This monstrous wheel is driven by a small undershot wheel supplied by water from the rapids. It is a simple affair, but it does the business required, and in an economical manner.—The constant movement of the wheels, and the splashing of the water around them, quite astonished a number of the natives, who occupy a small island in the rapids, a few rods from the apparatus. They they sat half the day, watching the huge wheels making their revolutions, and wondering, no doubt, at the

With deep regret we learn from the Lincoln Democrat that Mr. Joseph Day, Whig candidate for senator at the late election, died at his residence in Damariscotta, on the 24th inst., at the age of 52 years. Mr. Day has been, says the Democrat, for many years one of our most enterprising business men. In all the relations of life, Mr. D. has sustained the character of a high minded, honorable man, and his death will be deeply felt in this community, where he was so universally respected and beloved.

The FIREMAN'S BALL passed off in grand style at Beethoven Hall, on Wednesday night, notwithstanding the severe storm. A large number attended.

Elzohr, wife of Rev. Eleazer King, of Heath, Mass., has died, about ten years ago, and about eight months afterwards he charged her before a church court with having told him he had better study grammar, and give up preaching all he knew more. The council dismissed his charges, and the offended record has ever since refused to live with his wife. She touched his pride on the raw.

A YOUNG WANDERER. On Tuesday of last week, a son of Mr. James O'Brien, of this town, about ten years of age, was found by his father's cows, got lost in the woods; and remained there two nights before he was found; notwithstanding the most diligent search was made for him by his parents and a large number of his neighbors. The lad was very thin and weak, and was exposed to the weather, but smart rain storm which all supposed would prove the cause of his death if he had not perished otherwise. He was found on the second day of his wanderings, and restored to comparative health by his agonized parents, who had begun to mourn him as dead.—*Elizeworth Freeman.*

The Skowhegan Clarion says that John L. Chapman, who murdered Mrs. Chapman in Sherburne, last week, is a native of Starks, in this State.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Ship Builder's Bank.

THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THIS BANK are HEREBY notified that their annual meeting will be held at their Banking House, on Thursday, the 29th of October, next, at two o'clock P. M., for the election of officers, and for the consideration of such other business as may legally come before them.

Per Order, Wm. H. FITTS, Cashier.

LIME ROCK BANK.

THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THIS BANK are HEREBY notified that their annual meeting will be held at their Banking House, on Thursday, the 29th of October, next, at two o'clock P. M., for the election of officers, and for the consideration of such other business as may legally come before them.

Per Order, Wm. H. FITTS, Cashier.

ROCKLAND BANK.

THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE ROCKLAND BANK are hereby notified that their annual meeting will be held at the Banking House of the said Bank, on Thursday, the 29th of October, next, at two o'clock P. M., for the election of officers, and for the consideration of such other business as may legally come before them.

Per Order, Wm. H. FITTS, Cashier.

Western Mail.

TWICE a day (except Sunday) or twelve times a week, leaving Rockland at 6 o'clock A. M., and arriving at New York at 10 o'clock A. M., on the 29th of October, next, at two o'clock P. M., for the election of officers, and for the consideration of such other business as may legally come before them.

Per Order, Wm. H. FITTS, Cashier.

Eastern Mail.

Once a day (except Sunday) or six times a week, leaving Rockland at 6 o'clock A. M., and arriving at New York at 10 o'clock A. M., on the 29th of October, next, at two o'clock P. M., for the election of officers, and for the consideration of such other business as may legally come before them.

Per Order, Wm. H. FITTS, Cashier.

Medical Testimony Cannot be Contradicted.

"One of the most striking instances is narrated of Dr. McLean's Vermining by Dr. John Butler of Lowell, Tremont, Co., Ohio. The case was that of a young lady who had been very sick for eight years, and had consulted a number of physicians, but had treated it as one of Polypus, and Dr. Butler was then called in, and for a time believed with his predecessors, that it was a case of Polypus, and he was, however, so far from the conclusion that the patient was suffering from worms, and after much persuasion, prevailed upon her to take two doses of Dr. McLean's Vermine. This medicine had the effect of removing from her a countless number of the largest size. After she passed them, her health improved, and she is since married, and continues to enjoy excellent health."

DR. McLEAN'S LIVER PILLS.

This great medicine has supplanted all others for the cure of diseases of the Liver. Its effects are salutary and speedy, and at the same time perfectly safe, that it is not surprising it should be so generally and justly loved by a very distinguished physician of Europe, who practiced in one of the most celebrated hospitals of the world, and who was, however, so far from the conclusion that the patient was suffering from worms, and after much persuasion, prevailed upon her to take two doses of Dr. McLean's Vermine. This medicine had the effect of removing from her a countless number of the largest size. After she passed them, her health improved, and she is since married, and continues to enjoy excellent health."

The stern of a vessel of about ten tons, with "Humboldt, Bremen" on it, came ashore at Phillipsburg, Me. It had two masts, a gilded cap, and other ornaments. It was supposed to be a wreck of the "Humboldt," which was wrecked on the coast of Maine, and was towed in by a pilot boat. Last night of the wreck, a survey had been held, and the vessel ordered to be repaired, and after which will be repaired and proceed for New York.

Just Received AT THE UNITED STATES CLOTHING WAREHOUSE, No. 8, MAIN STREET, (SIGN OF THE GUN) A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF Fall and Winter Clothing, consisting in part of the following articles:

Blue, Black, Brown, and Grey, and all the latest styles of Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Trunks and Valises, Carpet Bags, and all the latest styles of Jewelry.

A large assortment of Fur Goods, and all the latest styles of Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Trunks and Valises, Carpet Bags, and all the latest styles of Jewelry.

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The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age!

MR. KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY.

HAS discovered in one of our common Pasture Weeds, a remedy that cures Every kind of Humor.

From the worst Scrofula down to a common Tumor, it has tried it in over two thousand cases, and never failed, except in two cases, (Thunder Humor). He has now in his possession over five hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston, when he first began to make a business of it. He was advised to call it by some wonderful Foreign Name, but he says "NO—if you are not willing to be cured by Roxbury Weeds you can try French Weeds, and you will find them to be the same." He has now in his possession over five hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston, when he first began to make a business of it. He was advised to call it by some wonderful Foreign Name, but he says "NO—if you are not willing to be cured by Roxbury Weeds you can try French Weeds, and you will find them to be the same." He has now in his possession over five hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston, when he first began to make a business of it. He was advised to call it by some wonderful Foreign Name, but he says "NO—if you are not willing to be cured by Roxbury Weeds you can try French Weeds, and you will find them to be the same."

Price \$1.00 per Bottle. For further particulars see Circulars.

OLDWAY, WADSWORTH, Lawrence, Mass., exclusive Agents for New Hampshire, and General Agents for New England to whom all orders should be sent.

Lime Market.

Sales during the week will amount 14,000 cords at 62 1/2 cts. Wood at \$2.75 per cord. Cider at 12 1/2 cts. G. J. BURNS, Gen. Inspector.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, June 30th, by Rev. Wm. H. Littlefield, Mr. JOSEPH BOOKER JR., to Miss LOUISE W. ROYTON, also, Sept. 10th, by Rev. Wm. H. Littlefield, Mr. MANUEL MOSSMAN of this town to Miss BASHAM EVELL of Canada.

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NEW CLOTH STORE!

Great Inducements to Purchasers.

THE Subscriber would inform the citizens of Rockland and vicinity, that he has received a large and well selected stock of Goods, consisting in part of the following articles, viz:—

COATS. Dress and Frock Coats, of various colors and quantities. Pilot, Beaver, Broadcloth, Peterborough and Union Cloth. Blue, Black, and Olive Broadcloth Sacks.

JACKETS. Pilot and Beaver Cloth Jackets; Peterborough and Union Cloth Jackets; Green, Blue, and Robby Jackets.

VESTS. Black and Figured Lining Vests. Silk and Worsted Vests. Blue, Black, and Olive Broadcloth Vests. Dressed and Undressed Vests. Black and Blue Suits. Hats and Caps.

PANTS. Blue and Black Broadcloth, Pants, Duck and Cassimere Pants. Black and Blue Suits. Hats and Caps.

HATS AND CAPS. Kosuth Wood Hats. Silk and Mohair Hats. Cloth and Gilted Caps. Hats and Caps of all kinds.

BOOTS & SHOES. Common and French Calf Boots. Thick Boots. Goat and Calf Boots. Boots of all kinds. Trunks and Valises. Small Fur Trunks. Traveling Bags. Umbrellas.

CLOCKS & C. Clocks, Mirrors, Jewellery, Combs, Brushes, Sewing Machines, and all the latest styles of Goods.

Branch Store. Hovey's Block, 2d door North of Beethoven Block.

For Sale. THE GOOD "SHEP" YACHT, for terms, apply to T. C. GEORGE, JR., at C. C. PALMER, 2d door North of Beethoven Block.

Brig for Sale. THE WHOLE, OR THREE-FIFTHS OF THE "HINDS," 18 tons, 6 years old, built at New York, and in excellent order, mostly new. Sails, Rigging, and all the latest styles of Goods.

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GREAT EXHIBITION OF Fall and Winter GOODS.

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Positively the Largest Assortment ever offered in this Town.

Every description of Ladies Dress Goods.

Latest Styles of Silks, Satins, Laces, Ribbons, Cashmeres, Alpacaes, Velvets, (some very wide), Mouselines, Muslins, Linens, Flannels, &c., &c.

WHITE GOODS. Linen Cambrics, Linen Hosiery, Linen Lawns, Linen Muslins, Cambric Embroidered, Cotton Muslins, Street Veils, &c., &c.

HOSIERY AND GLOVES. An immense stock of all descriptions.

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Every Style and Shade of LADIES' DRESS TRIMMINGS.

CARPETINGS. Mice, The Largest Stock in Town. Woolen, Oil, Straw, Hemp, &c. Carpets, of all grades.

NEW STORE. No. 2 Spofford Block.

THE SUBSCRIBER has taken Store No. 2, in the new Spofford Block, and has received a large and well selected stock of Goods, consisting in part of the following articles, viz:—

COATS. Dress and Frock Coats, of various colors and quantities. Pilot, Beaver, Broadcloth, Peterborough and Union Cloth. Blue, Black, and Olive Broadcloth Sacks.

JACKETS. Pilot and Beaver Cloth Jackets; Peterborough and Union Cloth Jackets; Green, Blue, and Robby Jackets.

VESTS. Black and Figured Lining Vests. Silk and Worsted Vests. Blue, Black, and Olive Broadcloth Vests. Dressed and Undressed Vests. Black and Blue Suits. Hats and Caps.

PANTS. Blue and Black Broadcloth, Pants, Duck and Cassimere Pants. Black and Blue Suits. Hats and Caps.

HATS AND CAPS. Kosuth Wood Hats. Silk and Mohair Hats. Cloth and Gilted Caps. Hats and Caps of all kinds.

BOOTS & SHOES. Common and French Calf Boots. Thick Boots. Goat and Calf Boots. Boots of all kinds. Trunks and Valises. Small Fur Trunks. Traveling Bags. Umbrellas.

CLOCKS & C. Clocks, Mirrors, Jewellery, Combs, Brushes, Sewing Machines, and all the latest styles of Goods.

Branch Store. Hovey's Block, 2d door North of Beethoven Block.

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